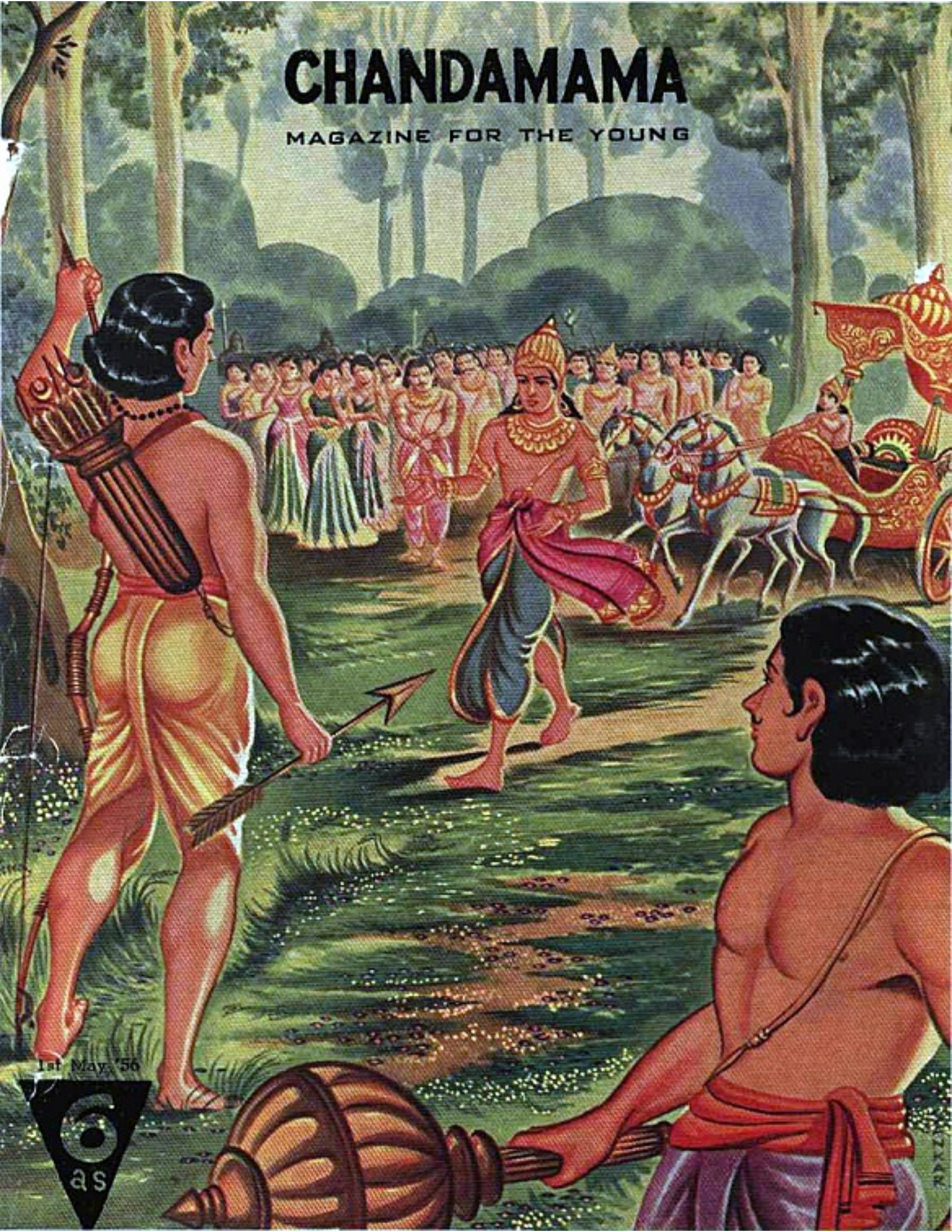


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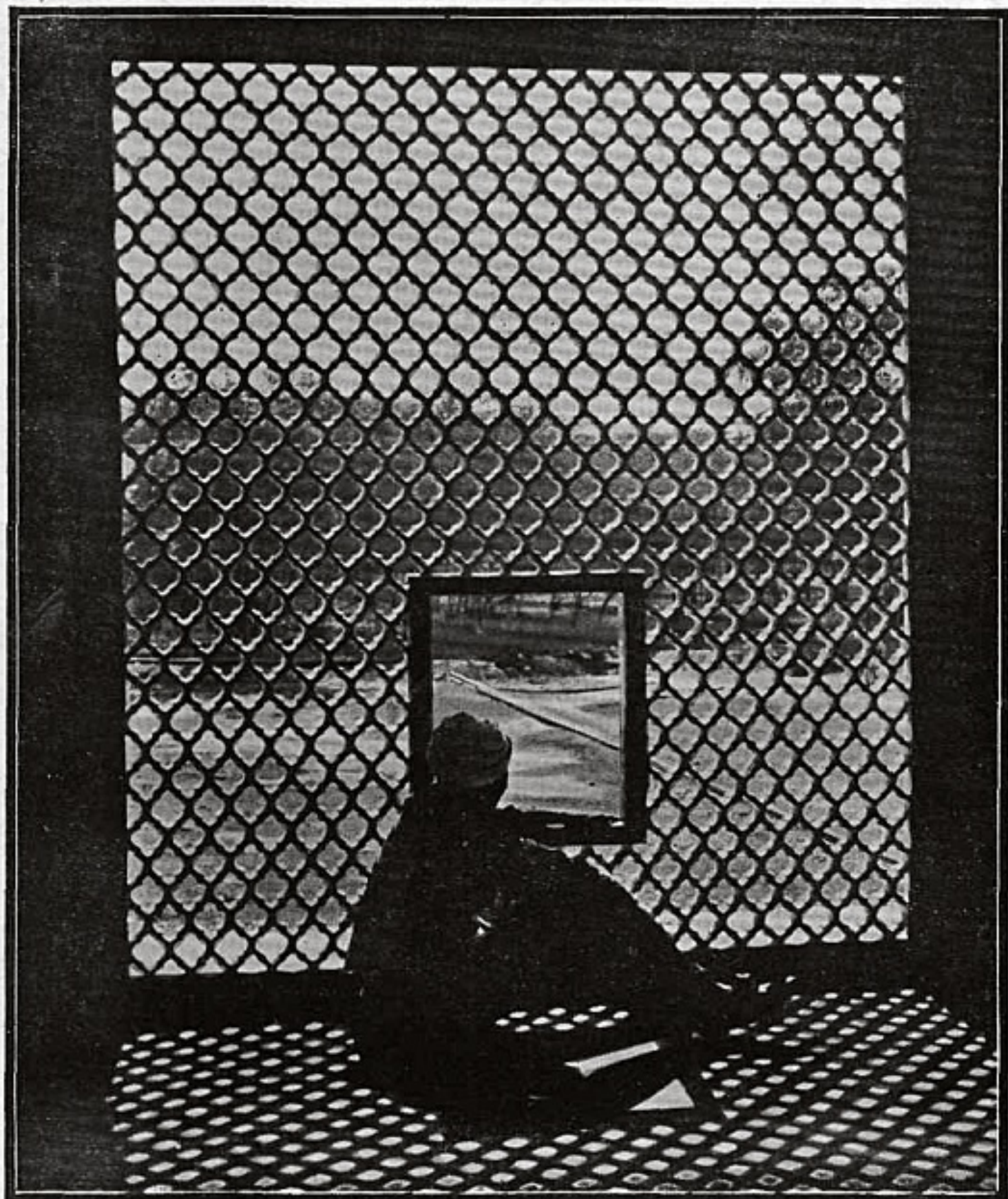
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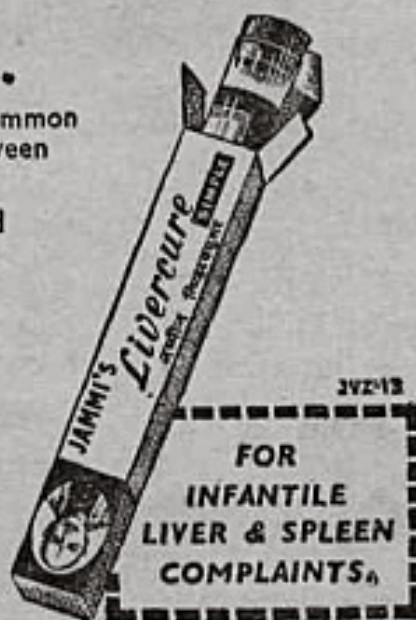
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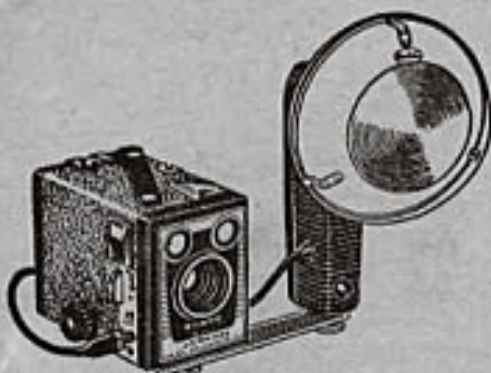
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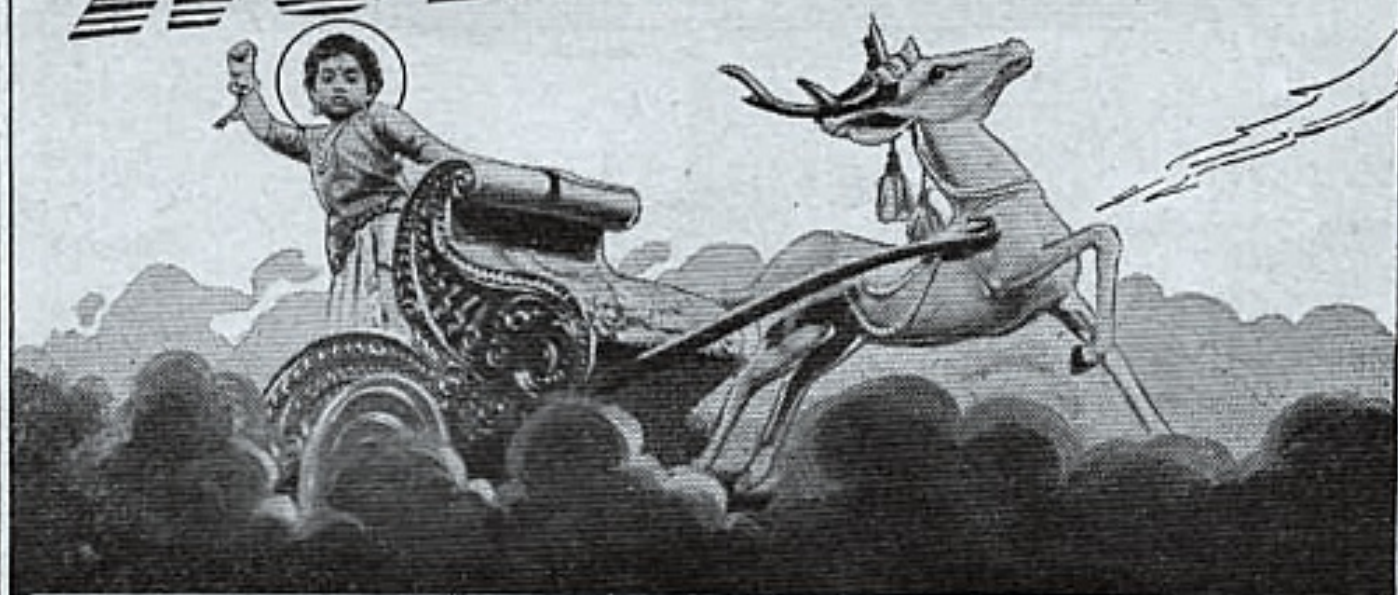
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# CHANDAMAMA

*Controlling Editor :* CHAKRAPANI

ALL people covet wealth, because it appears to be the best means of living without working. But, in reality, work is the source of all wealth, and people must live by their own work.

This moral is revealed in the story "The Fruit of Labour." The poor Brahman lives by begging, but he does not believe in hoarding wealth. Even when his wife asks him to beg from the king, he asks only for the product of the king's labour. This turns out to be small indeed. But it is this fruit of labour that proves to be the richest source of wealth in the kingdom.

MAY  
1956



VOL. 2  
NO. 5



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## THE BUFFALO THAT WASN'T

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*Once there was a peasant  
Who asked his wife, "Suppose  
I buy a buffalo then  
Can you tend it, spouse?"*

*"Oh yes! I can, for sure."  
The wife said feeling pleasant.  
"Where would you keep the milk,  
The curds?" asked the peasant.*

*"The big pot for the milk  
And the small one for the curds,"*



*Replied his better-half  
Without mincing words.*

*He asked again: "Suppose  
There's more milk than we need;  
What will you do with it?"  
"I'll give it to my people," she said.*

*"Will you?" in rage the man  
Shouted and grimly gnashed  
His teeth and taking a stick  
His innocent wife he thrashed.*

*She ran to her people and wept  
Before her brother and lo!*







## Story Poem

*His buffalo grazed in my field  
To my great and utter loss."*

*"Do you or do you not  
Admit that it was true?"  
Questioned the magistrate,  
And the poor peasant grew*

*Pale in the face because  
There wasn't a buffalo at all!  
He bent his head in shame  
And went home feeling small.*

*The brother flew into a passion  
And gave the peasant a blow.*

*The husband went to court  
And made a complaint against  
His brother-in-law who pleaded  
That his sister was beaten first.*

*"Why did you beat your wife?"  
Asked the magistrate.*

*"She gave the surplus milk  
To her people," the man did state.*

*"And I," said the brother-in-law,  
"Thrashed this man because*





## THE FRONT COVER

WHILE Pandavas were living a hard life, banned into the forests after their defeat at the game of dice, Karna put a foul idea into Duryodhana's head. "Let us go to the forests on the pretext of inspecting our cattle herds, and see Pandavas in their misery. Incidentally we can let them see our glory and make them envy us!" Karna suggested.

Accordingly Duryodhana started for the Dwaita Forest where Pandavas were living. All his hundred brothers, friends and relatives, the ladies of his harem and a host of attendants and armed guards accompanied Duryodhana. Duryodhana camped near the lake by the side of which the Pandavas were living.

While Duryodhana's men were pitching tents on the shore of the lake, certain Gandharvas came and warned them to remove themselves from the spot, since Chitrasena, the Gandharva King had already made his camp in the vicinity with his many wives.

The proud Duryodhana was enraged on hearing the Gandharvas ordering his men. He sent his armed guards to deal with Chitrasena. But Chitrasena was no common warrior. He came forth in battle array and with one weapon he paralysed the entire army of Duryodhana. Then he took Duryodhana prisoner and went back to his camp.

Then Duryodhana's men ran to Yudhisthira, the eldest of the Pandavas, and begged him to free their King, Duryodhana. Yudhisthira was on the point of commencing a *yajna*. So he told his valiant brothers, Bhima and Arjuna to go and rescue Duryodhana. But they replied, "Brother, Duryodhana is our enemy. Why should we bother about him?"

"No, my brothers," Yudhisthira said. "When we are up against the Kauravas, they are hundred and we are five. But when either of us is up against a third party we are five and a hundred. Go, rescue Duryodhana." Bhima and Arjuna went and fought Chitrasena and got Duryodhana free. Yudhisthira told Duryodhana, "Never undertake such foolish ventures. Go home!"





WHILE Brahma-dutt ruled Banaras, Bodhisatva was born as a Master Sculptor at Taksha-sila. Princes from far-off countries went to him to learn the art from him.

The King of Banaras heard very great reports of the Master and decided to send his son to him to study the art.

None of the ministers and other courtiers liked this idea. The prince was hardly sixteen. How could he live alone at far-off Taksha-sila, serve the Master and learn art? "Oh King," they said, "do we not have enough Master Sculptors in our own kingdom? Why should the prince undergo an ordeal?"

But the king did not agree with them. In the kingdom of Bana-

ras the boy was a prince and as such he would never learn anything properly. At Taksha-sila he would be an ordinary person, he would serve his teacher and learn things under discipline.

The prince was given only a pair of thin slippers and an umbrella. He was asked to carry a bag of a thousand silver pieces. "Walk all the way to Taksha-sila," the king said to his son, "pay the Master the thousand pieces of silver, obey him and learn art from him, and come back after your education is complete."

The prince had a hard time carrying the bag, walking the long distance, resting under the trees, sleeping on hard ground, eating whatever he could get, and having no one to look after him.





He finally reached Taksha-sila and went to the Master, told him the purpose of his coming, gave him the money, and joined as a pupil under him. The boy was very sharp and quick in learning, and the Master was satisfied.

The Master and his pupil used to go to the river every morning for bathing. One day, as they were having their bath, an old woman came to the river with a bag of jinjili seed. She washed the seed and spread them on a cloth. The prince saw this, finished his bath in a hurry and came out of

the water. When he thought the old woman was not looking he grabbed a handful of jinjili and put it in his mouth. The old woman noticed everything but said nothing.

The next day the same thing happened. The old woman ignored it again. But, when the boy repeated the offence on the third day also, she got very angry. "Good sir," she said to the Master, "Your pupil has been stealing my jinjili every day. I do not mind the loss much. But this boy is a thief and a real blot on your great reputation. Punish him so that he will stop thieving in future."

On reaching home the Master ordered his other pupils to hold the prince by his hands and gave him three strokes on his back with a cane. "I've punished you," he said to the prince, "because you have done a bad thing. Don't you ever do it again!"

The prince was in a terrible rage but he could do nothing. Though he was a Prince in Banaras, he was a common man here.



Also, the Master had the right of punishing his pupils.

"When I become king," he swore to himself, "I shall get him to Banaras on some pretext or other and have him killed."

In the course of time the prince completed his studies. Having got ready for his journey back to Banaras he touched the feet of the Master and received his blessings. "Sir," he said to the Master, "I request you to come to Banaras after I become King. Then I shall be in a position to give you a reception which you merit." The Master was glad to hear these words, and he promised to make the trip to Banaras in due course.

In the course of time the prince became king. One day he thought of the oath he had taken in regard to his teacher. So he got an invitation sent to the Master at Taksha-sila.

The Master accepted the invitation but did not start for Banaras at once. The boy ascended the throne only recently, he thought. Let him enjoy his new



status for some time. He could go and see him later.

Some time later the Master made the trip to Banaras. When he went to see the King the entire court received him with great respect because he was the teacher of the King himself. He was made to sit next to the King.

The rage that was smouldering in the breast of the King began to grow into a fire at the sight of this old man who once dared to punish him. In the midst of general conversation he suddenly turned to the Master and said,



“Sir, one who dealt out punishment for a mere handful of jinjili is surely fit to be put to death. Tell me, is it not so?”

None in the court save the Master could understand what the King said. He wanted the Master to undergo the tortures of a doomed man. He was going to die anyway.

But the Master was not shocked as the King expected. On the other hand he revealed the King's secret in the full court.

“O King,” he said, “while you were my pupil and under my charge you did a thing which was beneath your status. It is the duty of the teacher to punish his pupil when he does wrong, and to make him walk the path of rectitude. Had I not punished you that day, you'd have been a

bandit by now instead of occupying this dignified throne. A wise man would never get angry with one who punished him for a misdeed; on the contrary, he would be grateful!”

Now that the entire court knew of his misdeed the King blushed with shame. He fell at the Master's feet and cried, “O Great One! I made one more slip and you've pulled me up once again. I'm really grateful to you!”

By saying these words the King earned the respect of not only the entire court but also the Master himself.

The King insisted that the Master should remain with him for good. So the Master gave up his residence at Taksha-sila and settled himself at Banaras.







## 11

(The Isle of Sorcery which had been the battle-ground for the Sorcerers One-eye and Four-eyes now became the seat of struggle between the parties led by Samarsen, the Commander-in-Chief and Kumbhand the traitor. A clash between them was put an end to by a pack of hungry wolves, which fell upon them and dispersed them.)

HAVING run some distance Samarsen and his men paused and listened. They could still hear the yelling of Kumbhand's savages. They were evidently running away to their jungle haunts. Neither One-eye nor Four-eyes appeared to be anywhere in the vicinity. The wolves were still howling but they were now feasting on the wounded and the dead. They were no longer a source of danger. Samarsen reclined under a tree and the tired men also did likewise. Samarsen had no more doubts regarding Kumbhand's determination to get at the treasure inside the ship. That meant that there were four souls interested in the treasure—Samarsen, Kumbhand, One-eye and Four-





eyes! Which one of them was going to be the lucky one?

While Samarsen was busy with such thoughts, his men were yearning to go back home as soon as possible. They were completely disgusted with all wealth and the hazards they had to face while searching for it.

"Commander," one of them said, "it is high time that we left this isle for good. We have had enough of it and more." The others nodded their heads in



approval of the sentiments expressed by the speaker.

"There is nothing new in what you say," replied Samarsen. "We have already decided that it would be wise to leave this isle. But the question is, how are we to do it?"

Indeed the men had not the least idea as to how they could leave the Isle of Sorcery, though they were quite anxious to go home. They had no news about the ships they had left. All their time was spent in protecting themselves from the sorcerers One-eye and Four-eyes. If they were to escape they had to do so without the knowledge of those sorcerers. And it was not an easy thing, as they all knew full well.

"Can't we get Four-eyes to help us escape from here?" one of the men asked. Samarsen did not know the answer to this query. He had never thought of asking Four-eyes to help them





to go back to Kundalini. He had his own doubts whether Four-eyes would do it.

While Samarsen and his men were occupied with these and similar thoughts, an arrow came flying from an invisible source and struck the tree against which Samarsen was reclining, hitting the trunk of the tree a foot above Samarsen's head. Samarsen sprang up and shouted to his men, "Get behind the trees! Kumbhand the traitor is out to destroy us from ambush."

At this cry the men too rose up and began to run behind their leader into the forest. They could hear Kumbhand yelling, "Catch them! Kill them!" The next minute the savages rushed forth from behind trees.

Samarsen realised the grave situation confronting him and his men. With only five men on his side it was not wise on his part to turn back and give fight to the savages who could easily encircle them. Escape was the only alternative for the time







being. They ran through the trees desperately while Kumbhand chased them with his savages.

Samarsen and his men ran for a long time. They did their best to outwit their pursuers by hiding in the shades of thickets which afforded them an opportunity to get back their breath, and rest a little. Presently the moon went behind a cloud bank and darkness came to the rescue of Samarsen and his men. The



savages were still on their scent but Samarsen decided that it was better for them to hide in some cave till morning instead of being on the run.

So, the moment Samarsen saw a cave he halted his men. But, when they attempted to enter it, he warned them, "Don't be rash. The cave may be harbouring a lion or some other wild animal. Let us not jump from the frying pan into the fire."

"But Kumbhand is after us with his savages. We *have* to hide somewhere!" said one man.

"We have to go inside anyway. Otherwise we will never know what is hiding there," said another.

Samarsen smiled at this question because it was really foolish. If there was a wild beast in the cave it was sure to kill anyone who went in to see. "Draw your swords and be ready," he told his men, "while I shoot an arrow into the cave. If there is any







wild beast inside it will come out and we can deal with it."

Then Samarsen shot an arrow inside the cave and a lion did rush out roaring in rage, amply proving the wisdom of Samarsen's caution. The men were ready to deal with the lion but the lion sensed danger. It gave the men and their swords one look, turned back and disappeared in to the jungle.

Samarsen now drew his sword and approached the mouth of the cave followed by his men. They could hear a groaning sound proceeding from the interior of the cave. "Make a light," Samarsen told his men. "I'm afraid there is one more lion inside, probably hurt."

The men struck a flint and lighted a torch. With this torch in his hand Samarsen cautiously went in. Inside he could see two lion cubs one of which was hit by his arrow. The poor thing was on the point of dying.



"You can come in," Samarsen said to his men. The cub that was not hurt growled at the intruders and began to retreat at the same time. Samarsen approached it whistling. Having retreated as far as it could the cub squatted against the rock.

Samarsen and his men sat around in the cave. They could still hear Kumbhand and his men yelling in the distance. They were still searching for Samarsen and his men. For the











sake of safety Samarsen got the torch put out.

Now the cave was dark. The cub that was hit by the arrow died. But the one in the corner was grumbling now and then. Samarsen was worried whether the lion would return to the cave. Kumbhand and his savages were still active in the surrounding forest, and Samarsen and his men were in no comfortable position.

They could do with some sleep but sleep was absolutely out of the question. It occurred to Samarsen suddenly that they were running a great risk in hiding in this cave too. For, if by chance Kumbhand and his savages appeared at the mouth of the cave, nothing could save Samarsen and his men. They would all be trapped in the cave. At once he exhorted his men, "Look, there is no point in all of us burying ourselves in this cave which can turn into a dangerous



trap any minute. Go out and climb up that tree there and keep an eye on the movements of Kumbhand and his savages."

Accordingly Samarsen's men drew their swords and emerged out of the cave. They went to a huge tree, climbed up into its thick foliage and began to survey the surroundings.

Samarsen who was alone in the cave started at the sound of voices which was very close to him. It could not be his men





who were talking. He suspected that they were Kumbhand's men. Samarsen cautiously crept to the mouth of the cave, looked out and found no one. He went back into the cave. He could hear the conversation distinctly once again.

Samarsen was surprised. Was there a secret passage out of the cave? He looked for it in vain. This time he was certain that the voices were coming from the back of the cave. This was still more puzzling. For this was a very small cave in a very big hill. How could anyone reach behind the cave? Perhaps there was some secret opening in the

back of the cave. Samarsen began to look for it.

Feeling with his hand along the face of the rock Samarsen felt something like a peg. He pulled it hard and a secret door in the rock opened and the moonlight streamed in through the opening. A few yards away he saw two men standing and talking. They did not look like savages. They were dressed in fine and colourful clothes.

As Samarsen was wondering what he should do next, the two men saw him. The next instant they pounced upon him and tied him up securely.

*(To be continued)*





## MALUM NAHI SAHIB

A young Englishman was posted as a Deputy Collector in a small Indian town. On the first day at his new post he decided to go round the town. He knew no Hindustani and called his munshi to accompany him.

Now, the munshi was old and tired of these young sahibs. He had quarrelled with his wife that day and had come to the kacheri without his morning meal. It was the month of June and it was hot. In addition, the young sahib wanted to do the town *walking*.

The young Englishman saw a fine horse, and asked the munshi whose it was. "Malum nahi, sahib," replied the munshi.

In the bazar they saw the biggest shop in the town, occupying quite one side of the entire street. The Collector asked the munshi to whom the fine shop belonged.

"Malum nahi, sahib," the munshi replied, feeling the heat of the sun.

At the end of the bazar was a fine park with fountains, green lawns and shady trees.

"Who is the donor of this park?" asked the young Englishman.

"Malum nahi, sahib," grunted the munshi, thinking of his missed meal and the heat and the dust of the bazar.

Then they met some handsome children going home with their ayah. Even before the Collector asked the question the munshi replied, "Malum nahi, sahib."

Now it was time for lunch and the officer and the munshi were returning to the kacheri, when they met a dignified Indian gentleman riding a stately horse and followed by two servants on horses. "Who is that fine personage?" asked the Collector.

"Malum nahi, sahib," came the reply.

The English sahib spent a long time over his lunch while the munshi starved and waited for him. Refreshed well the young Englishman started on his round again. Soon they met a grand funeral, a stately funeral with lots of flowers and mourners. "Whose funeral is that?" asked the young Collector. "Malum nahi, sahib," snapped the munshi.

"Oh, what a tragedy!" cried out the Collector. "Poor, poor Malum Nahi Sahib! He was so rich, so handsome, so generous! He had such nice children! He was alive only this morning, now he is dead!"

—Contributed by R. L.



A detailed illustration of a man in traditional Indian attire, including a dhoti and a shawl, walking through a forest. He is carrying a large, wrapped bundle, presumably a corpse, on his shoulder. A sword is visible at his waist. The background shows trees and a path.

## The Three Gifted Men

UNDAUNTED Vikram returned to the tree, got down the corpse, threw it across his shoulder and once again began to walk towards the burial-ground, when the Bethal of the corpse said, "O King, you truly remind me of the three gifted men. Let me tell you their extraordinary tale." He began the following tale:

In the South there was a certain well-to-do peasant who had one son and three daughters. The daughters were married to three rich young men but the son remained unmarried.

One year after his sisters went away to their husbands, the peasant's son went to see them and to find out how they were faring

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Stories of Bethal

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with their husbands. He first went to his eldest sister and asked her, "How now, sis? How do you get on with your husband?"

"I can't say I'm quite happy, brother," she replied. "My husband has too much money but too little to do. He is a gifted archer, you know. As soon as I sit for my toilet every morning, he comes with his bow and arrow and hits my nose ring. I nearly swoon with fear lest he should miss the mark and hit me."

"Is that so?" said the brother. "Don't worry yourself. I will

soon find something for your husband to do."

Then he went to his second sister and asked her, "How now, sis? How are you getting on with your husband?"

"I can't say I'm quite happy, brother," she replied. "My husband has too much money but too little to do. He has got the gift of extraordinary vision, you know. He can see what is going on in all the three worlds. He spends all his time watching the divine dances of the court of Indra, and never worries himself







with affairs of this world. I really don't know what to do."

"Is that so?" said the brother. "Don't worry yourself. I will soon find something for your husband to do."

Next he went to his third sister and asked her, "How now, sis? How are you getting on with your husband?"

"I can't say I'm quite happy, brother," she replied. "My husband has too much money and too little to do. He has got the gift of moving faster than the wind, you know. He starts early

every morning, runs to Banaras, lights the wicks in the temple there, then runs to the east coast, bathes there in the sea, then to the west coast, and returns home by night-fall. I don't know how to get on with such a husband."

"Is that so?" said the brother. "Don't worry yourself. I will soon find something for your husband to do."

The peasant's son returned home and sent invitations to his three sisters and their husbands to spend a few days with him. Accordingly they came.

"I hear that you are all very gifted," the young man said to his brothers-in-law. "Yet, I find, you do not make proper use of your talents. If you take the trouble of going to the kingdom of Chola, I am sure you will find an opportunity for exercising your talents. I advise you to undertake the journey."

They consented to do so. They started at once and reached the kingdom of Chola in the course of time. They lodged at an hostel and asked the landlady,



“Granny, what are the strange things of this city which are worth knowing?”

The old woman sighed and said, “The strangest thing, my dears, is the queer attitude of our princess regarding her future husband. She insists on marrying the man who can offer her fresh *Devaparijata* flowers. Now, *Devaparijata* flowers cannot be obtained within a thousand miles, and they fade in a few hours when brought into this hot climate. How can anyone bring the fresh flowers and offer them to her? Our king is really worried to death.”

The three gifted men conferred among themselves and reached a decision. They went to the king and told him, “Your Highness, we are ready to bring fresh *Devaparijata* flowers for your daughter.”

“By all means, my boys!” the king replied. “You’ll be doing me a great favour.”

Then the three went outside the city. The one with the gift of extraordinary vision looked all



round and suddenly pointed his finger in one direction saying, “Two thousand miles away in this direction I see a forest, and beyond that a big orchard of *Devaparijata* trees.”

At once the one with extraordinary speed started in that direction and was soon lost to sight. But the one with the extraordinary vision could see him still and he went on describing what he saw: “He is now reaching the forest. He has entered the orchard. He is plucking the flowers. He has started back.



Good god! There is a tiger! It is watching our man from behind a bush, ready to jump on him!"

"Point your finger at the tiger! Quick!" said the archer. "I'll kill the tiger with one arrow!"

It was soon done. A few moments after the arrow was shot, the one with the extraordinary vision exclaimed, "The tiger is hit! It has cried out of pain and our man has got up at the sound. He is now coming away! Thank God, there is no longer any danger."

In a few moments the one who went to bring the flowers arrived, and they all went to the king with the fresh flowers.

"Which one of you is responsible for bringing these flowers?" the king asked. They replied, "all the three of us pooled our talents."

The king was in a flx. He did not know to whom he should give his daughter in marriage.

Having narrated this story, Bethal said, "O King, which one of them deserved to marry the princess. If you know the answer and still do not speak, your head shall be split."

"Not one of the three deserved to marry the princess," said Vikram. "They were no doubt very highly gifted, but they had no capacity to make proper use of their talents. It was the peasant's son that showed such capacity. Of the four he is the only bachelor and for that reason too he deserves to marry the princess."

The king's silence was broken and Bethal returned back to the tree with the corpse.





## WHOSE WAS THE FAULT?

THE Otter and the Mouse-deer were friends. One day the Otter said to the Mouse-deer, "Friend, I'm going out to catch some fish. You shall have some of them. So, while I am away, please keep watch over my children."

Sometime after the Otter's departure the Mouse-deer heard the Woodpecker sound the war-gong and began to do the war-dance. In his ecstasy the Mouse-deer forgot about his friend's children and trod upon them, killing all of them.

On returning home the Otter found all his children crushed to death by the Mouse-deer, and brought a charge of breach of trust and wilful murder against him before the Assembly of Animals.

The Mouse-deer did not deny the act; only, he said, "I'm not to blame. I heard the Woodpecker sound the war-gong and, as in duty bound, did the war-dance and trod on the children of my friend the Otter."

The Woodpecker was asked why she sounded the war-gong. She replied, "I did so because I saw the Lizard wearing his sword."

It was no fault of the Woodpecker to sound the war-gong when she saw the Lizard wearing the sword. But why did the Lizard wear the sword?

"Because," said the Lizard, "I saw the Tortoise in full armour."

When asked why he was in full armour, the Tortoise replied, "I saw the King-crab trailing his three-edged pike."

"I did so," said the King-crab, "because the Crayfish was shouldering his lance."

"I did shoulder my lance," said the Crayfish vehemently, "when I saw the Otter coming to devour my young."

Now it was quite clear to the Assembly of Animals that the entire thing was started by the Otter himself.

"You Otter," said the Wise Ones of the Assembly, "we have come to the conclusion that you were unconsciously and indirectly the cause of the death of your young ones. Neither the Crayfish, nor the King-Crab, nor the Tortoise, nor the Lizard, nor the Woodpecker, nor the Mouse-deer was responsible for the tragedy."





## THE TRIAL

CHANDRA-GUPTA was the ruler of Kanchipur. He had two sons. They were twins. He named them Kusa and Lava.

Kusa and Lava were given excellent education and they were considered fully educated at the age of sixteen. But they differed greatly in their mental make-up. Kusa was aggressive and arrogant while Lava was mild and retiring in disposition. Seeing them thus their father thought that Kusa was more fit to rule than his passive brother.

Once the brothers had an altercation and they went to their father for a decision. The King who had a better opinion of Kusa, not only gave his judgment in favour of Kusa but also snubbed Lava. Lava felt insulted and,

without telling anyone, left his home and country.

After leaving home Lava changed his name to Alpa and began to wander from one country to another.

One day Alpa was passing through a village when he saw a Brahman sitting in his varanda and reading *Mahabharata* while several people sat around and listened. Alpa felt like listening to the recitation and sat in a corner.

The Brahman was called Agni-varma. He had a good-looking daughter named Surasa. The Brahman thought of performing Surasa's marriage but she showed a stubborn resolve not to marry.

After the Brahman stopped his reading, Alpa paid his respects



to him and said, "Sir, I have been under the impression that total renunciation was the only way to salvation. But today I've learnt that family life is in no way inferior to renunciation. I'm very grateful to you for having helped me to know this."

"What is your name, my son?" the Brahman asked Alpa. "Who are your parents? Where do you come from?"

"They call me Alpa," the youth replied. "I cannot answer any of your other questions because of my ignorance. I'm very much interested in knowing the duties of man, *dharma*."

"Then," said the Brahman, "you can stay in my house and listen to *Mahabhārata* every day." Alpa gratefully agreed to do so.

Now, Surasa, who was never attracted towards any man, began to feel a strange liking for Alpa. One day she saw Alpa going out. At once she took an empty pot as if she was going for water, and followed him.

It was noon and the village well was deserted. Taking advantage



of being alone with him Surasa confessed her love to Alpa.

"You are my guru's daughter and hence my sister," Alpa said to her.

Surasa pleaded with him to accept her love but Alpa would not change his mind. In anger and spite Surasa tore her hair, scratched her face, broke her bangles and went home crying. She told her father that Alpa tried to outrage her.

And Agni-varma believed her. For Surasa never liked a man. On the other hand the old man



began to suspect the very motive which prompted Alpa to seek his roof. So he straightway went to the officer of the village and lodged a complaint against Alpa.

The officer summoned Agni-varma, Surasa and Alpa, and examined them. Surasa's statement tallied with her father's complaint in all details. As for Alpa he did not make any statement. When asked whether he was guilty, Alpa said, yes. He also replied to another question, that he could be punished. "Why did you do such a thing?" the

officer asked him. "Sir," Alpa replied, "there is no crime that desire will not commit."

According to the law Alpa was to be punished by cutting off his hands and feet. But something told the village officer that Alpa was innocent. Yet he could not doubt the evidence of Surasa. The entire village knew that Surasa was above reproach in her attitude to males.

Not daring to give judgment in the case the village officer sent it up to Deva-varma, the governor of the province.





Deva-varma went through the files of the case and got angry with the village officer. The charge was well established. The accused accepted the charge brought against him. The village officer himself testified to the fact that Surasa, the victim, had a character above reproach. Why could not the village officer carry out the punishment?

Deva-varma had a wise daughter called Yamuna. When the governor had any doubts he used to seek her advice. He showed Alpa's case to her. She went

through all the statements and said, "Father, the cause for the hesitation of the village officer does not lie here. Call for the concerned persons."

Agni-varma, Surasa and Alpa were summoned before the governor who tried the case afresh. There was no difference in the statements of the three persons and yet Deva-varma too was troubled by vague doubts like the village officer. He could not bring himself to punish Alpa.

Yet Deva-varma had no grounds to declare Alpa inno-







cent and dismiss the charge. He once again sought the advice of Yamuna.

"Father," Yamuna said, "unless we see this guilt in this case with our own eyes, we cannot give any judgment."

"But, my dear," Deva-varma said in surprise, "how can we see the guilt of a past action?"

"Oh yes, we can," Yamuna said. "I shall tell you how! Give yourself a week's time to give the verdict in the case, and I shall do the needful in the meantime."

Yamuna arranged lodgings for Agni-varma at the house of their *purohit* while she set apart an apartment in the palace for Surasa. Then she went to her father and said to him, "Come, father. Let us go and see the evidence." She took him to one of the chambers in the palace. The king peeped through a door and saw Alpa sitting in a dejected mood in the adjoining chamber.

In the meantime Surasa spent some time examining her apartment. It was a gorgeous and well-furnished room with tall mirrors, brilliant lights, cushioned sofas, a feather bed, and fragrant with incense. But she was left mercilessly alone. Impatient for company she walked up to a door at the end of the apartment and pushed it. To her surprise the door opened. She was curious to see the other apartment. She stepped into it and saw Alpa all by himself, sitting in a chair.

Surasa looked all round to make sure that there was no one, and then ran towards Alpa. Alpa lifted his head, saw her and



looked down again unconcerned. "You will not escape punishment this time," Surasa said to him. "Why do you hate me? You are a handsome boy. It will be a pity if you lose your hands and legs. You have pleaded guilty before the village officer. Is it not because you loved me? Then why not accept my love? If you do, I shall withdraw the charge right now."

Alpa did not even care to lift up his head. "Go away," Alpa told her. "I've nothing to say to you."

Deva-varma and Yamuna witnessed the entire scene. Next day Deva-varma delivered judgment in this case: Surasa is an immoral person; Alpa is innocent.

"Surasa fell in love with Alpa," he announced in the court, "and when Alpa did not accept her love, she wanted to punish him cruelly for it. She brought a wicked and false charge against him. Still I am not punishing her this once."

Deva-varma insisted that Alpa should remain as his guest for



some days. He also offered to give Yamuna in marriage to him. At first Alpa turned down this offer. But he was told that it was Yamuna who proved his innocence, and he agreed to marry her. Their marriage was celebrated with grandeur and pomp.

Surasa learnt about the marriage and goaded her father to take further action against Alpa. "It is evident that the governor gave his judgment against us in order to make him his son-in-law," she said. "I'm made a



criminal in the eyes of everybody. Let us lodge a complaint against the governor before King Chandra-gupta."

Agni-varma, who still believed in his daughter's innocence, took her advice and appealed before the king. The king sent for Deva-varma and Alpa. But the moment he saw Alpa he recognised him as his own son, Lava, and shed tears of joy. He had every reason to be glad to see Lava again, for, after Lava left, Kusa had committed a series of atrocities. The king had realised that the boy was quite unfit for the responsibilities of kingship, and he sorrowed very much over the departure of the gentle and wise Lava. But what pained the king more was that Lava

came back to him as an accused, standing trial.

In the trial Yamuna was the chief witness. She revealed in the court the entire plan by which she found out the truth about Surasa and Alpa. The king conducted the trial to the entire satisfaction of the court, though the accused was his own son. In the end the accused was adjudged innocent.

Now Agni-varma knew the real facts about his daughter. He got so disgusted that, instead of returning home, he went away into the forest to become an ascetic.

In the course of time Lava was crowned King of Kanchipur and lived happily with his wife, Yamuna.







## MOST VALUABLE

AT one time Ujjain was ruled by a king called Dhiman. He was said to have been blessed with the "eight forms of wealth" which were considered to be the greatest asset of any king.

One day a mendicant came to see Dhiman. The King asked him what he wanted.

"O King" the mendicant replied, "I have only two possessions, an iron tumbler and a stick. I want to sell these things to you."

"What is their worth?" the king asked the mendicant.

"Give me a lakh for them!" the other replied.

The king did not ponder even for a moment, nor did he heed the officials who tried to dissuade him, but gave the mendicant a lakh of rupees and bought the

two worthless things, to the surprise of every one.

That night, when the king went to bed, he had a dream. He saw a lady wearing all sorts of gold ornaments, going out of his palace.

"Who are you?" he asked her.

"I am the Goddess of Wealth," she replied.

"Why do you go away?" he asked her.

"You pay a beggar a lakh and buy a worthless iron tumbler and a stick. I'm not going to remain with you even a minute more," she replied.

"Go, then!" the king said.

Sometime later he saw another lady, tall, strong and youthful.

"Who are you?" the king asked her.



"I'm the Goddess of Strength," she replied.

"Why do you go away?" he asked her.

"Because the Goddess of Wealth has left you. You can't keep me much longer. Nor do I want to stay with you a minute more."

"Go, then!" the King said.

A little later he saw yet another woman, an old one with grey hairs. She too was leaving.

"Who are you?" he asked her.

"I'm the Goddess of Wisdom," she replied.

"Why do you go?" he asked her.

"What can I do here when the Goddess of Strength has left you? So, I too go!" she said.

"Go, then!" he said to her.

Still later he saw one more lady who looked like a Goddess. She too was leaving the palace.

"Now, who are you?" the king asked her.

"I'm the Goddess of Courage," she replied.

The king stood in her way and said to her, "How is it, you want to leave me?"

"Everyone is leaving you and so am I," she replied.

The king caught her by the hand and said, "Let *them* leave me, *you* can't. I don't mind their going so long as you are with me."

The Goddess of Courage smiled and said, "Well, then, I shan't go!" And the king woke up from his sleep smiling happily.







## Mother and Daughter

3

"I do not know what you are asking me about," Delilah said when Khalid questioned her. "I've never committed a single theft in my entire life."

It was already getting dark. There was no chance of trying Delilah that day. She was charged with many offences and there were many witnesses to give evidence against her, and Delilah promised to give a good fight before confessing her guilt. So Khalid wanted to keep her in custody for the night and try her next day. But the gaoler refused to be responsible for her safe custody. "I don't want to take upon myself the responsibility of producing her tomorrow morning," he said.

"That is true enough," said Khalid. "It is better that all of you keep watch over her tonight in an open place." He mounted his horse and started, and the five complainants followed him dragging Delilah with them. When they arrived outside the city gates, they planted a post in the open meadow, tied her up to the post and began to keep watch over her. Khalid rode back into the city.

For a long time all the five victims sat around Delilah and cursed her to their heart's content. But as soon as they had their supper they began to feel drowsy. Poor chaps, they had had no sleep for three nights running. Some time after midnight two

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persons met outside the city gates. One of them was leaving the city while the other one was arriving. They stopped and began to chat. Delilah could follow what passed between them.

"What is the most enjoyable thing that Baghdad has to offer to a stranger?" the one who was coming asked.

"Honey cakes with cream!" the other replied. "I've enjoyed them all the three days I've been here. Even if you ate them for years you'd still want to eat them."

"Good!" said the first one. "I shall spend any amount on these honey cakes and eat them as long as I remain in Baghdad." Then they bade one another goodbye. The one who was going went away and the one that was coming approached the spot where Delilah was.

Delilah who had heard the entire conversation thought up a scheme. If the plan worked she could still escape. After all, the one that was coming was a stranger, and he knew nothing about her. She began to wail,



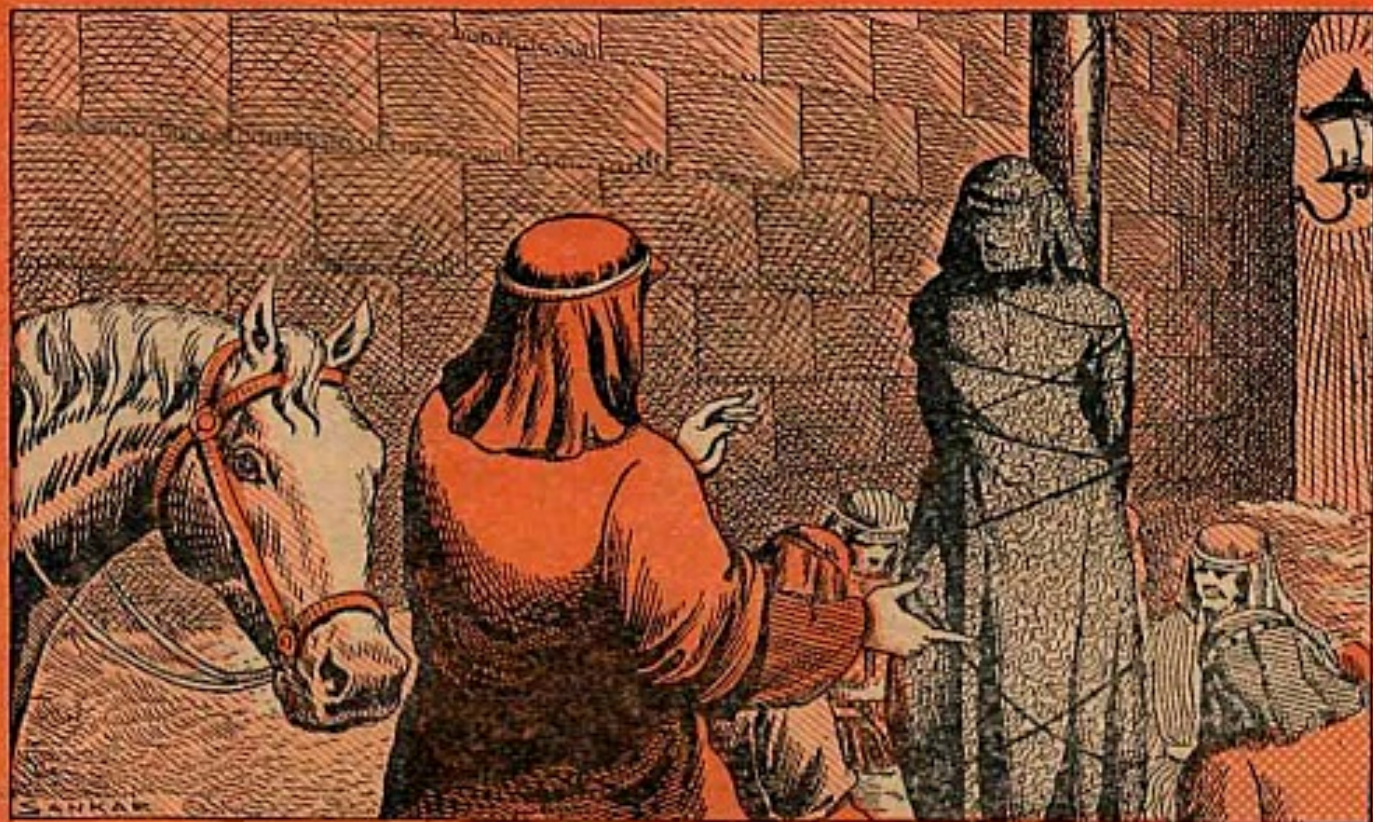


“No, no! I won’t eat them, I won’t.”

The stranger was surprised to hear these words. He approached her and asked her, “Well, woman, who are you? Why are you tied up to the post? What is it that you won’t eat?”

“Why do you want to hear my tale of woe, my son?” Delilah replied. “My husband has earned lakhs and lakhs by selling honey cakes smeared with cream. I loved to eat them in the beginning. But after some time I began to feel a strong aversion to them.

Well, two days back a family of rich people came to our shop and ordered honey cakes. My husband insisted that I should sit with them and eat the cakes. But the moment I placed a bit in my mouth I got retching. The customers got suspicious about the cakes and went away without eating or paying for them. Was it not unwise on the part of my husband to insist that I should eat honey cakes, knowing that I hated them? Still, my husband lodged a complaint in the court that I ruined his busi-







The stranger thought it was a fine idea. He untied Delilah and she tied him up in her place. She covered his face, took his horse and rode off into the city.

The five victims awoke in the morning and started to abuse Delilah again. But the man who was tied to the post asked them, "Why don't they bring me the honey cakes?" They uncovered his face and found out that the old witch had fooled them again.

Presently Khalid arrived and learnt what had happened. He realised that it was beyond him to deal with the cunning woman. So he went to the Khalifa with the five victims.

The Khalifa, having listened to the grievance of each individual, promised to make good the loss sustained by them. But the culprit was at large. He charged Khalid and Mustafa with the duty of catching the culprit. Khalid submitted to the Khalifa that he was quite incapable of catching the woman. "Then show me someone who can," the Khalifa said.

ness. I was ordered to be kept under arrest until I ate honey cakes. They will bring honey cakes in the morning and order me to eat them. Until I eat them I will not be given any other food. They have been starving me since yesterday!"

"Alas, granny!" said the stranger. "What a shame! How I wish I were in your place!"

"It's easy, son!" said Delilah. "Untie me, take my place and cover your face. They will feed you honey cakes in the morning, as many as you want!"





“Who is more fit for such a task than the newly appointed Chief of Police, Ahmad?” Khalid replied. “Since his taking up of office he doesn’t seem to have caught even a single thief. If he fails to catch her his great reputation will receive a terrible blow.”

Khalifa sent for Ahmad, told him the story of Delilah’s escapades and ordered him to catch her. At once Ahmad marched out of the court at the head of his forty policemen. The head of the police was one hunch-back called Ali. Ali the Hunchback said to Ahmad, “Sir, I think we should take the help of Hassan in this affair.”

“You miserable Hunchback,” Ahmad shouted loud enough for Hassan to hear, “do we require anybody’s help to catch an old hag? If you say such a thing again I shall beat you to pulp!”

Hassan was already hurt because the Khalifa had selected Ahmad for the job of catching the old woman. He was much more hurt by what Ahmad said



now. “All right, my brave hero,” he said to himself, “You will yet come to me begging for my help.”

Ahmad stood his forty men in ranks on the grounds outside the palace and lectured them thus: “My brave men! I shall divide you into four batches. Let each batch scour each quarter of the city till tomorrow noon. Then come to the serai in Mustafa street and report to me. You shall have further instructions from me there.”

The four batches departed in four different directions and



Ahmad too departed to make inquiries on his own.

Delilah was not worried in the least when she heard that the Khalifa engaged Ahmad to catch her. She told her daughter, "My child, the only one who can catch me is Hassan. We are lucky that the Khalifa did not engage him. As for poor Ahmad, even you can fool him."

"Shall I go and fool them, mother?" Zenab asked Delilah.

"Go, my love!" Delilah said.

Zenab made herself extremely attractive, wore a transparent

silk veil, and proceeded to the serai in Mustafa street. The serai was run by one Haj Karim. Zenab bowed twice before Haj Karim and said, "I'm thinking of entertaining some friends. They would not like to mix with your other customers. I shall pay you five dinars for the use of your big hall for a day."

Haj Karim noticed the beauty of the girl and was so pleased with it that he was prepared to give the hall free provided the guests ordered for his wine in large quantities.





“Have no fears on that account,” Zenab told him. “My friends drink like fish.”

Next, Zenab brought a quantity of carpets, pillows, tables, plates and other stuff from her house and had it arranged in the hall very nicely. She ordered for food and drinks and stood outside the serai awaiting her guests.

Soon Ali the Hunchback arrived there with his nine men. Zenab saluted him and asked him, “Are you not Ahmad, the chief of police?” Ali smiled and replied, “No, I’m Ali the Hunchback.”

“In that case I request you to come in and be my guests,” Zenab said to him. They followed her into the hall. They sat around the cask of wine and proceeded to drink. Zenab had already mixed so much *bhang* in the wine that they were soon unconscious. She dragged them out by their feet into the backyard and piled them up against a wall, and covered them with a cloth, cleaned up the hall, and took her position outside the serai gate.

Soon another batch of ten arrived. She extended her invi-





tation to them also, got them drunk, made them unconscious, piled them up against the wall and covered them with a cloth. She went on doing this until all the forty men were disposed of.

Finally Ahmad himself arrived on his horse. He saw Zenab and asked her, "Have you seen any policemen, my girl?"

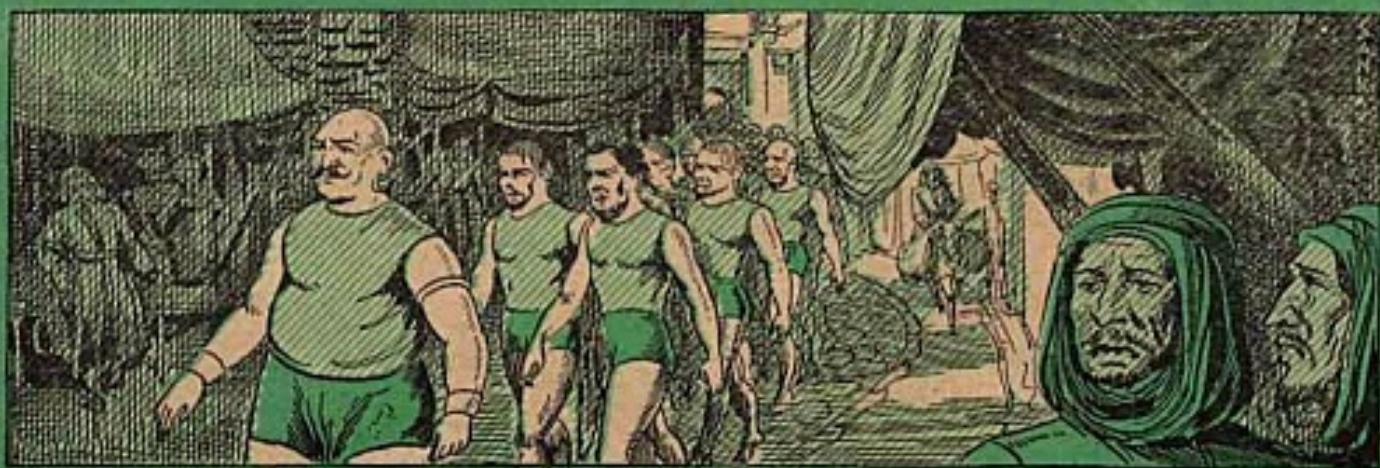
"Are you Ahmad the chief of police? If you are, your men wanted me to tell you that they saw an old woman at the end of the street and that they had gone for her. While they bring her I request you to be my guest and accept my hospitality."

Ahmad was in high spirits. He sat down to drink and was soon as active as a log of wood. Zenab stripped him of all his

outer garments and ornaments. She stripped all the others too similarly. Then she placed all the dresses on Ahmad's horse and straightway returned home.

Ahmad and his men slept through two days and two nights. They woke up only on the third morning. At first they could not recollect where they were. As they regained memory they understood the indignity that was perpetrated upon them. Ahmad did not know how they could venture out into the street only in their underwear. But they had no other go. Prepared for the worst Ahmad ventured out into the street and his forty men followed him. They were a strange sight to the people.

*(To be continued)*





## THE IGNORANT PROPHET

**DIOPHANES** the Chaldean astrologer once went to Hypata and made a lot of money by giving predictions to everyone.

One day while he was in the middle of a crowd of customers who wanted to buy his predictions, a young nobleman approached him from behind and pulled him by the robe. Diophanes turned back and, recognising his close friend, embraced him.

"I never expected to see you here," said the nobleman. "When did you arrive?"

"Ah, my friend," said Diophanes, "I had so many misfortunes. To begin with, we had a storm at sea and our ship sank very near the coast, we lost all our belongings. Some of us swam ashore. We had to beg for food for part of the way. On top of all this we were attacked by bandits and my own brother was killed before my eyes."

Diophanes suddenly remembered the crowd waiting for his predictions and looked back. But there was no crowd. All the people were gone.







## FRUIT OF LABOUR

IN a certain country there was a poor Brahman. His entire property consisted of a small cottage and a small backyard. He maintained himself and his wife by going out and begging rice, just enough for both of them. The wife cooked the rice and prepared some vegetables that grew in the yard.

Things went on like this until the Brahman became too feeble with age to go out for begging. His wife, one day, said to him, "You never thought of the morrow. They say that the king is a great helper of the poor. If you see him he will be able to eradicate our poverty."

So the Brahman went to see the king. "What can I do for you?" the king asked him.

"Sire," the Brahman replied, "you possess endless wealth, but I cannot ask for a share in it. But I can accept from you the fruit of your own labours, whether it is much or little."

The king was surprised at this request. He had plenty of wealth but he hadn't earned a pie of it by his own labour. If he wanted to give the Brahman anything, he had to earn it first. So he told the Brahman to see him the next evening. The Brahman took leave of the king and went away.

Next morning, the king dressed himself like a working man and started out in search of work. In the artisan quarter, he saw a potter about to start working.

"Brother," the king said to him, "can you give me work?"



“That I can,” said the potter. “You can prepare the clay while I attend to the wheel. Work till evening and you shall have four silver coins.”

The king agreed. But he was not accustomed to labour. His feet ached intolerably while he trod the clay. Soon he was so tired that he had to stop working to regain his breath. “You are unfit for work, my man!” said the potter. “Since I promised you I am giving you the four coins. I warn you, you shall never get work from me again.”

In the evening the Brahman went to see the king. The king gave him the four coins and said; “This was all I could earn with my effort.”

“O King,” replied the Brahman, “I do not ask for more.” He blessed the king and took leave of him.

Meanwhile the Brahman's wife was imagining the king's gifts arriving at her house in numberless carts. She was sorely disappointed to see her husband return without anything. “What hap-



pened?” she asked the Brahman. “Did the king postpone the gift again?”

“No,” said the Brahman, “I got the gift. Here are the four coins.” He put the coins in his wife's hand.

The wife was both disappointed and fiercely angry. “You go to the king himself and this is all you bring! Are you not ashamed to accept this pittance from *him*?” She flung the coins into the yard indignantly.

It was already too dark to search for the coins and the



Brahman thought of finding them the next morning. But when he looked for them next day he couldn't find them. He saw only four strange plants instead.

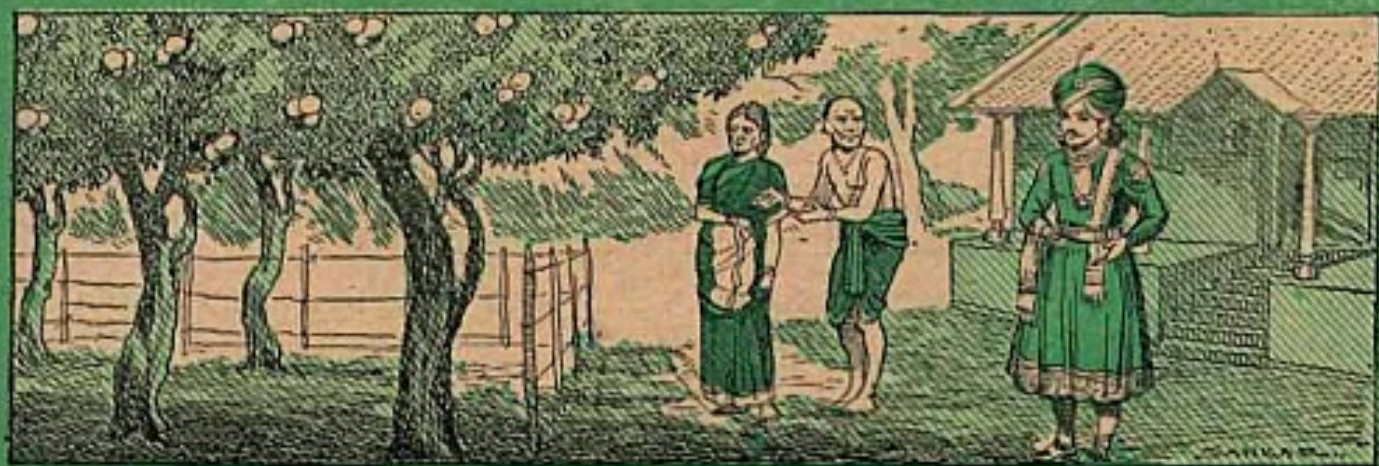
In a very short time these plants grew up into trees and even bore fruit. The Brahman did not know what fruit they were or what they were good for. His wife cut one of them to see how it tasted, and she was stunned to see lots of pearls inside it. The poor couple were simply amazed. When the pearls were shown to the merchant and the goldsmith they said they were real pearls of very high value.

At last the couple were rid of poverty. The four trees went on bearing so many fruit that the Brahman could distribute pearls to all the persons in the village.

Soon the King came to hear about the riches of the Brahman. He could never understand how this Brahman could make gifts of pearls to everyone in the village. To clear this doubt, the king one day came to see the Brahman in his house.

"Sire," the Brahman said to the king, "I never spent the four coins you had given me. My wife got wild with me for having brought them and threw them in the yard. The next day I couldn't find the coins, but I found these strange trees. These trees have made me rich."

The king realised how precious the fruit of labour was. That very day he proclaimed that everyone in his kingdom should live by the fruit of their own labour and he himself did likewise.





## THE FIGHTING VEGETABLES

ONCE a dispute arose among the vegetables as to which of them was the best. "I'm the best because I can easily replace rice, should it cease to exist," said the Maize.

"So can I," said the Yam.

"So can I too," said the Pumpkin.

They went to Brahma and asked him to give his verdict in the dispute.

"All the three of you are right," said Brahma. "But, since the Maize has the Bean for a friend, it stands superior to the other two."

Having heard this verdict the Yam and the Pumpkin got jealous of the Maize. They went into the forest for weapons to fight the maize with. Knowing this, the Maize obtained some poison and poisoned the Yam with it.

Still, a terrible fight did take place. In this fight the Maize and the Bean won the day and stood erect in the field, being victors. Defeated in battle, the yam went underground while the Pumpkin crawled about on the ground.

To this day they have not changed their positions.





## THE WRONG CORPSE

THELYPHRON, a student of Miletus once went to see Northern Greece. When he came to the town of Larissa in Thessaly he found he had spent all the money he had brought. As he wandered up and down the streets aimlessly, he saw an old man shouting an offer of a reward to any one who stood guard over a corpse that night. The people of Thessaly believed that during nights witches mutilated the faces of corpses which were not guarded.

The young man from Miletus did not believe a word of it. He was in need of money and he consented to guard the corpse, for which service he was offered a thousand drachmae.

The old man took Thelyphron to a big house where he was shown into the room where the corpse of a big statesman lay wound in a shroud. The door was closed behind him and he started his watch with the aid of a lamp.

Sometime in the night a mouse came into the room through a small hole and Thelyphron drove it away saying, "Get out, you rogue!"

After that Thelyphron fell asleep inspite of all his efforts to keep awake. He woke up only at the third cock. He pulled back the shroud from the face of the corpse. The corpse was not touched. He was glad that he earned the money inspite of going to sleep. The widow of the dead came in, found the corpse untouched, and paid the watcher the thousand drachmae. But, to his horror, Thelyphron found that his nose and ears were almost eaten away during his sleep. People said it was the witches that mistook him for a corpse that did it. But it could have been the mice.





# JUPITER

**PLANET** Jupiter is 480 million miles away from the Sun. We can see it like a very bright star in the sky for two reasons. It comes as near as 370 million miles to our Earth. Also, it is a very large planet.

In fact it is the largest planet, and all the planets put together cannot equal it. It has a diameter of 90,190 miles and equatorial circumference of 2,160,000 miles. In size it is 1300 times as big as the Earth and in weight 319 times.

Jupiter moves at a speed of 8 miles a second in its orbit round the Sun, and makes a complete round in 4332 days, 14 hours and 2 minutes. Thus its year equals 12 of our own. But it spins around once in 9 hours and 50 minutes, so that its day is less than half that of ours. Evidently one can do with only one meal a day on Jupiter.

Jupiter receives only one in twenty-five parts of the heat and light we receive from the Sun. So it is a very cold planet. It appears to have an atmosphere in which ammonia and marsh gas predominate, making it unfit for breathing. There may be plenty of ice on Jupiter, for water can exist only in that form there. It is quite certain that there is no life on Jupiter.

When seen through a telescope Jupiter's surface appears yellow with streaks across it and coloured patches. One of these patches called the "great red spot" is a mystery to the scientists. It is about 30,000 miles long and 7,000 miles wide. Whereas the other patches change their shape, this red spot doesn't. But it has disappeared and reappeared.

Twelve moons go round Jupiter, and some of them are very large indeed. The gravitational pull on Jupiter is much more than that of the Earth, and if any man should ever set foot on Jupiter he is likely to find his weight increased two and a half times!



## ANCIENT MEN

OF the earliest of the "Clever Men" four species have been discovered. They are Florisbad Man, Solo Man, Rhodesian Man and the Neanderthal Man. These prehistoric men who had large brains lived between 1,00,000 and 35,000 years ago. They were still far from modern man. They had low, flat skulls. Only Florisbad Man had well developed frontal lobes, which indicate capacity for memory and speech. As for the Neanderthal Man, his skeletons have been found in three continents, and he seems to have wandered fairly all over the earth.

About 30,000 years ago fully evolved man was seen on earth. His remains were found in Europe at Swanscombe, and in Africa at Kanjera. He was by no means a descendent of the Rhodesian or Neanderthal Man. He was born much earlier and lived with them. He might have lived in Africa at the time when most of the land north of the equator was under ice. At any rate a good deal of evidence about this fully evolved man comes from Africa. There is, however, no proof that he wore clothes or used fire.

Since man first appeared on earth he got divided into several races but remained one species. During this period several species came into being and vanished out of existence. But man has remained and will remain one species.

With man evolution occurred in the way of his living. Some 650,000 years ago he began to fashion tools out of stone and started what is called the Old Stone Age. This has been divided into three parts, the Lower, the Middle and the Upper Paleolithic periods. The first of these ended about 170,000 years ago and the next one 37,000 years ago.

During these hundreds and thousands of years Man began to civilize himself slowly and laboriously.



# PHOTO CAPTION COMPETITION

JULY 1956

::

AWARD Rs. 10/-



- ★ Choose apt and significant captions for the above pair of photos. The captions should go in a pair, either words, phrases or short sentences.
- ★ The captions should reach us before 10th of May '56.

- The pair of captions considered best will be awarded Rs. 10/-
- ★ Please write legibly or type the captions on a postcard and address it to: "Chandamama Photo Caption Competition," Madras-26.

## RESULTS FOR MAY

- I. *Photo* : The Solar Glare
- II. *Photo* : The Polar Bear

*Contributed by :*

S. Ramaswamy, Sub Post-master, Uppiliapuram P. O., Tiruchinopoly Dt.

AWARD Rs. 10





**Prof: P. C. SORCAR**

**D**IVINATION with discs is a clever trick for the beginners. I bring a number of metal discs of different colours like blue, white, red etc. They look like the Indian one pice bit with a hole in the middle. I say that these are the traditional Chinese coins. They have got holes in the middle so that they can be carried like a garland and there will be no possibility of losing them.

Here I have got the Chinese coins in three colours only—Red, White, and Blue—to show you the divination with discs. You can tie my eyes with a thick bandage or handkerchief and hand me one of these coins and I can easily tell its colour!

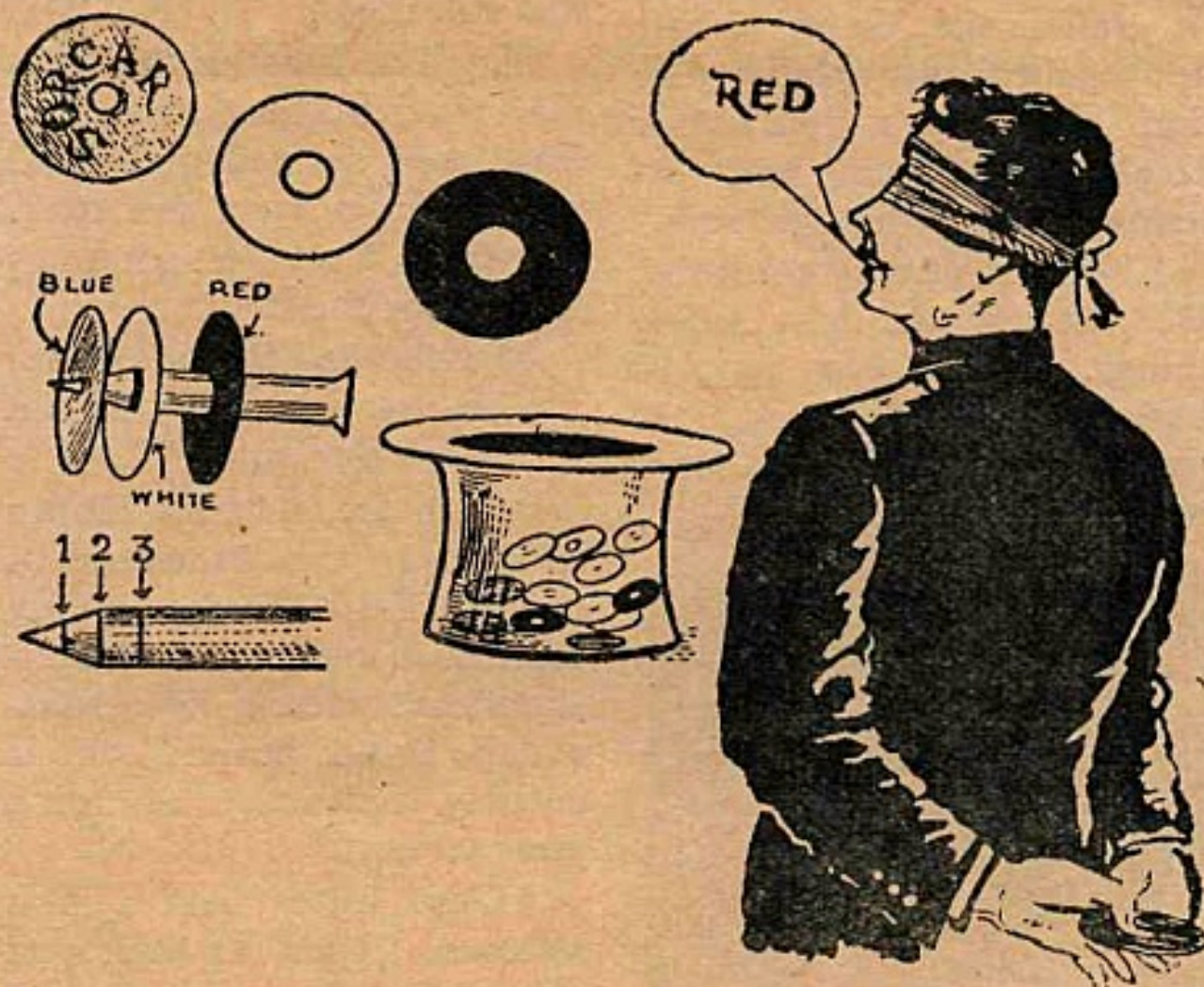
I will keep my hands behind my back and one of these coins is placed in my palm by a companion and I will at once mention the colour of the disc placed in my palm. The audience get puzzled because all the coins are of the same size. The only difference is in the colour. People wonder as to how I can detect the colour even when my eyes are covered, and when my hands are behind my back.

Now about the secret. You note the diagram given herewith. All the coins are of the same thickness and diameter no doubt, but the holes in the centre are not equal. Blue ones have got the smallest holes, holes of the white ones



are a bit bigger and the holes of the red discs are the biggest. The magician secrets one pencil-like conical thing in his sleeves from the beginning and with the same he

holes are much exaggerated for easy understanding. Actually the differences in the sizes of the holes are very small and the conical object can measure it per-



measures the size of the holes in the discs. He can then easily tell the colours. Very little practice will make you all expert and efficient. In the diagram the sizes of the

fectly. The trick is very nice. All you have to do is to get a number of brass discs from engineering workshops and get them painted red, white and blue.



## THE BACK COVER

### KING FOR A DAY - 3

SEEING Abu open his eyes Jaffar the Grand Vazir approached and saluted him and said, "It's time Your Highness got up and attended the morning prayers."

Abu was utterly confused. He thought he was seeing things. He rubbed his eyes but the vision persisted. He pinched himself hard to see if he was dreaming.



Then he was overcome with a strange dread. He rolled to a side and shut his eyes. After a very short nap he was awake again. When he opened his eyes the whole scene was still there.

This time Masrur, the Khalifa's sword-bearer came forward and saluted and said, "Morning prayers are over. It's time Your Highness started for the court."

Abu shouted in annoyance, "Who are you and who am I? Speak the truth!"

"You are Khalifa Harun al-Rashid, the Protector of the Faithful," Masrur humbly replied, "and as for this insignificant wretch, he is Masrur the Sword-bearer, who is entirely unworthy of being your servant."

"Lies! Utter lies!" Abu shouted. Then he beckoned one of the slave girls to him and asked her, "Do you know who I am?"

"You are our Lord, Khalifa Harun al-Rashid," she replied. Abu fell flat on the bed, kicked his legs in the air



and began to laugh wildly. When he was exhausted after this fit of lunacy the girl came forward and dressed him in royal robes.

Having finished his toilet Abu started for the court, accompanied by his retinue. He kept wondering to himself, "How is it that I am no longer Abu al-Hasan but Khalifa Harun al-Rashid?"

Abu was made to sit on the throne. Jaffar the Grand Vazir put some papers before him. Abu went through them and made decisions which were quite intelligent. The Khalifa who was closely observing all this was very pleased with him.

When all the papers were dealt with, Ahmad the Chief of Police came forward, saluted and asked, "Your Highness, what are the orders of the day?"

"Ahmad" said Abu, "a certain quarter of the city is governed by so-and-so. Two bastards always accompany him and assist him. Arrest the three of them, give each of

them four hundred lashes, then dress them in dirty rags, seat them on donkeys facing backwards, parade them through all the quarters, shouting, 'This is the fate of those who molest women, who spread scandals against gentle people!' Then hang the three of them publicly."

Ahmad was already warned that he should carry out every order of this new Khalifa. So he started to carry out these orders, taking ten guards with him.

*(To be continued)*







## NEWS ITEMS

The Buddha Jayanti Celebrations Committee recommended to the Government of India that Banaras should be re-named Varanasi, the name which was current during the time of Buddha.

\* \* \*

Huge new diamond fields have been discovered in Soviet Siberia. A Soviet geologist found diamonds, some the size of peas, in the sand by a river.

\* \* \*

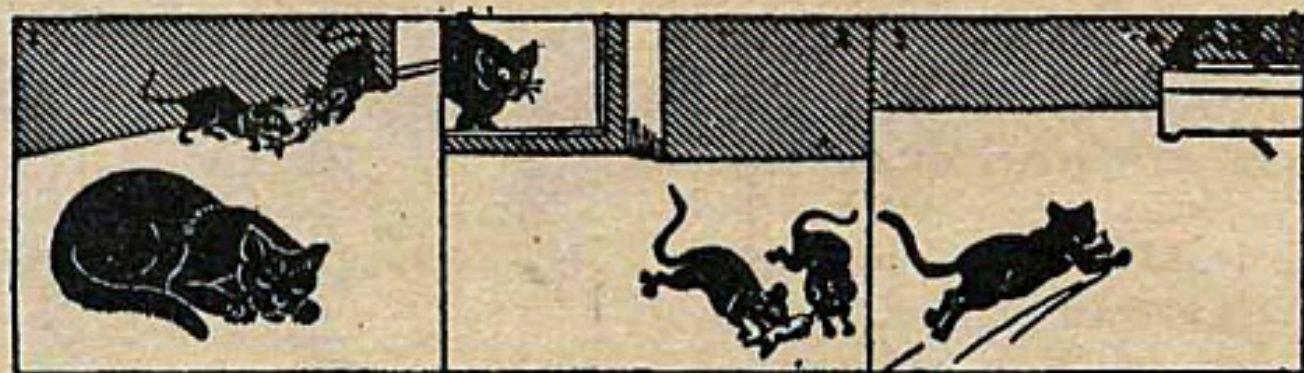
Nobel Prize winner and famous French Physicist, Mme. Irene Joliot-Curie died on March 16. She spent all her life studying radiation and, as a result of exposure, she developed leukemia of which she died.

\* \* \*

112 people were killed and several villages were destroyed in the earthquakes that occurred in Lebenon during March 16 and 17.

\* \* \*

A new electric power station which is being built near Moscow is expected to have a capacity of 400,000 kwt. It will run on atomic fuel.





Pakistan became a Republic on March 23. The Celebrations at Karachi were started with the firing of a 31-gun salute. Major-General Iskander Mirza was sworn in as the first President of the Pak. Republic.

14-year-old Muhamad from Indonesia gets the President's gold medal for the best painting in the International Children's Competitions (1955) conducted by *Shanker's Weekly*. Elizabeth Anne Jones of U.K. (14) gets the Vice-President's gold medal for the best writing.

Manilal Gandhi, son of Mahatma Gandhi, died at his home in Phoenix. Aged 62, he was an active opponent of the South African Government's racial segregation policy.

During March 60,000 refugees came to India from Eastern Pakistan. Most of them were agriculturists.

During this year China is planning to make 350 electric generators of a new type. Each generator has a capacity of 1000 watts and is driven by a couple of horses. These generators will be used to light village homes and for working portable cinema projectors.

In the recent general elections held in Ceylon, United National Party which was in power was badly beaten by Mahajana Ek Sath Peramuna party of which S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike is the leader.





## Picture Story

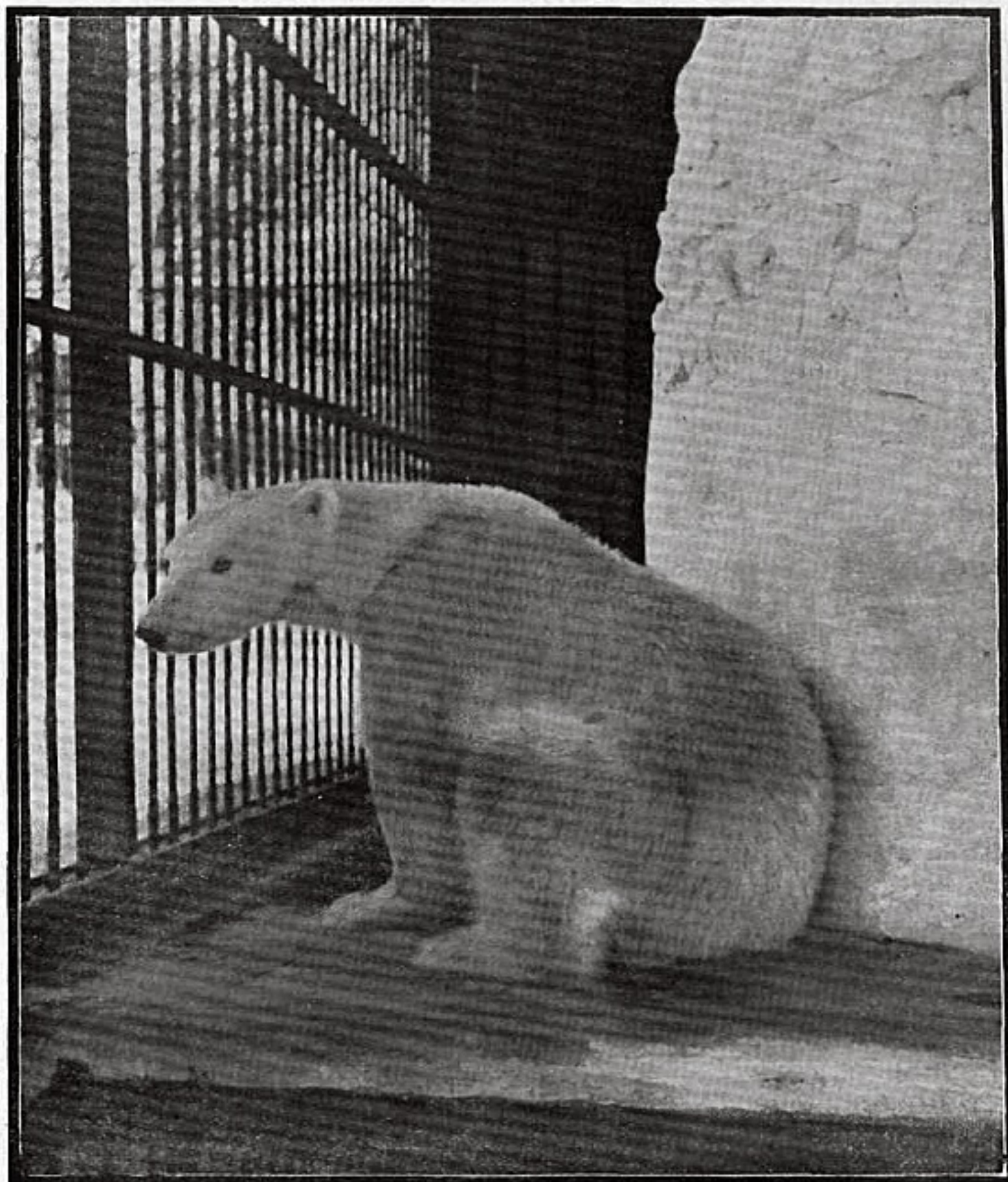


One evening Dass and Vass were playing with other boys.

Dass entertained the boys by balancing a ball on a rod held in his mouth. Vass went one better by balancing the ball on his nose. "Tiger" too wanted to join the fun. So Dass put a stick across his nose and put two balls on it. To the surprise of one and all "Tiger" balanced them like a circus dog and got the loudest applause.







Winning  
Caption

**THE POLAR BEAR**

Contributed by  
S. Ramaswamy, Uppiliapuram.



